

VOL. 6 — No. 1

WINTER

# 4MOST

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JACK HARRIS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

## The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!

We recently made up a 4MOST "scoreboard" of comments received in your letters. Here are some of the results:

"Dick Cole" leads the pack in popularity, while "Edison Bell" and "The Cadet" are running neck-and-neck for second place.

Many readers say they like "Dick Cole" because the stories about him offer exciting adventures, and because Dick, himself, caters to their sporting instincts. Several boys and girls have expressed so much interest in him that they have asked us to run the story of his childhood.

A small minority of readers, however, have some bones to pick. Sample remarks are: Simba should get the credit sometimes; Farr should not always win the championship; Dick should not always get out of trouble so easily; Dick has too many vacations.

Comments such as these may give you some indication what the "scoreboard" means to us. We are happy to know that most of you like "Dick Cole," but we are always seeking to increase the number of friends we have made for each and every strip. Your helpful hints enable us to give you the type of magazine you want to read.

Keep your eye on "Candid Charlie." That story is improving and we have an idea that Charlie will be right up there in a photo finish one of these days.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I enjoy your comic book very much. I like the stories just as they are, and I like the jingles you put in once in a while. But I don't like the Q's and A's. They are all too easy. I haven't seen one on a high-school level yet. Of course you have grade-school readers, and the questions are probably fine for them. But why don't you mix your questions—some easy and some more on the high-school level?

A steady reader,  
Robin Winks  
Hotchkiss, Colo.

*We try to mix our questions to suit all our readers, Robin. Suppose you write us again in a couple of months and tell us if you still feel the same way about the Q's and A's.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have never seen nicer drawing than the work done by Jim Wilcox. I admire his drawings greatly.

I have read many comics but yours is the first one that has taken excellent drawings, blended them into an excellent plot, and formed a super-duper story. That's why 4MOST is my favorite comic.

The first thing I read when I get my copy of 4MOST is "Dick Cole." Then I read Milt Hammer's cartoons. I also like the Q's and A's. I can always count on 4MOST to give me adventure, thrills, ideas, and also plenty of laughs.

Yours for a longer 4MOST,  
Dorothy Olim  
Elizabeth, N. J.

*We know Jim Wilcox will appreciate the approval you have given his art work, Dorothy.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Summer and Fall issues of 4MOST. I enjoyed the cartoon lesson in "Edison Bell." Please tell the artist who draws "Edison Bell" to have tricks for the camera and also some magic tricks. Up to now he hasn't had any of these ideas. Even though I'm a girl I enjoy the ideas in "Edison Bell."

Why doesn't Candid Charlie give some hints on taking pictures? He

seems like a moron when he snaps one. He doesn't know one thing about cameras.

Every time I get a 4MOST comic book, everyone on my block wants to read it.

Sincerely yours,  
Theresa Casper  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Remember, Theresa, that Charlie usually has to snap a picture at a moment's notice. He doesn't have too much time for fancy techniques. But be on the lookout for Charlie when he turns up again. Perhaps you'll change your mind.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am twelve years old. My hobby is reading comic books, and I think 4MOST is the best. I like all the strips. I have even tried some of Edison Bell's gadgets.

The covers of 4MOST are always interesting; they make you want to read the book. But the Summer issue of 4MOST has too many objects on the cover.

A reader of 4MOST,  
Janet Taylor  
Baltimore, Md.

*Thanks for the tip on the cover, Janet. Maybe there are too many objects on it. Looks as if that school of fish swam by purposely, just to see the fight.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have read 4MOST comics more than any other books I have.

One reason I like 4MOST comics is because the people in it seem real. What I mean to say is, they don't go flying through the air, and they don't do things the typical man couldn't do, such as having bullets bounce off them, and things of that sort.

Another reason I like the characters is that they believe in fair play and are honest. That type of attitude keeps me interested.

Very truly yours,  
June Hodges  
So. Jacksonville, Fla

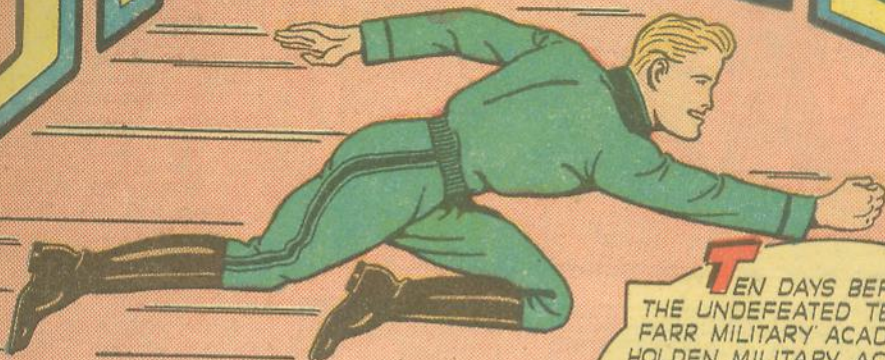
*We appreciate that type of reasoning, June.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.



# DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX

**T**EN DAYS BEFORE THE UNDEFEATED TEAMS OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY AND HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY MEET TO BATTLE FOR THE EASTERN MILITARY SCHOOL FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP, "JOLLY" ROGERS, CENTERVIEW'S KINGPIN GAMBLER, CALLS A MEETING AT HIS HEADQUARTERS, THE BACK ROOM OF JOE'S POOL PARLOR.



WHAT'S THE PITCH, BOSS?

CHEE! YA AIN'T YER USUAL SMILIN' SELF, JOLLY! SOMETHIN' YA ET, EH?

NO... BUT I SWALLOWED SOMETHIN' HOOK, LINE AND SINKER! AND YOU PUNKS FED IT TO ME!



HUH? WE NEVER GIVE YA NUTTIN'!

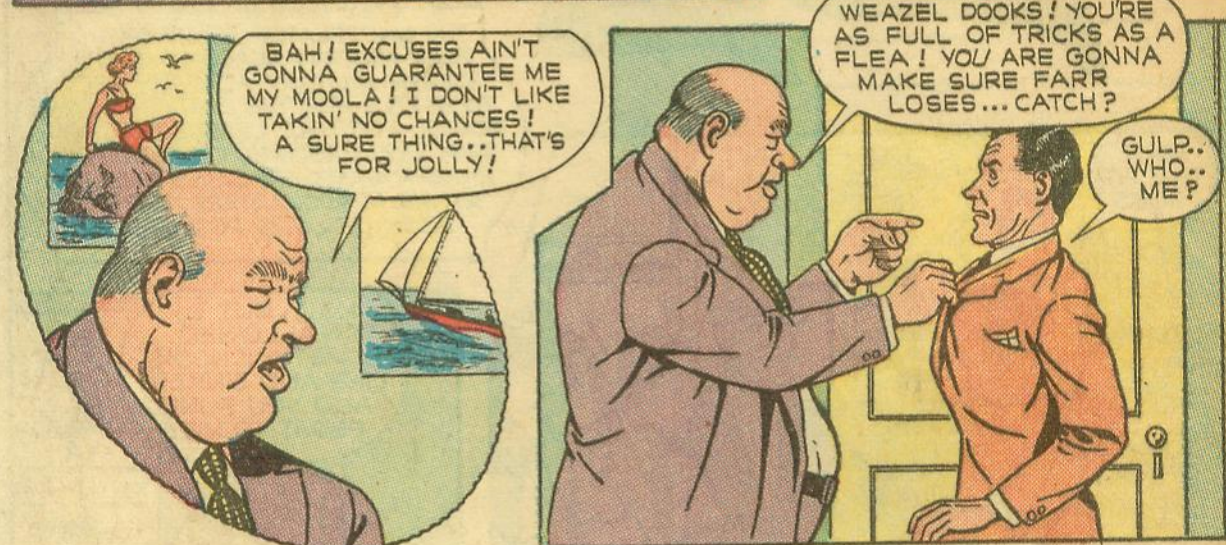
NO? HOW 'BOUT THAT PRE-SEASON FOOTBALL DOPE YOU HANDED ME?

HOLDEN IS A CINCH TO COP THE CHAMPIONSHIP, SEZ YOU... YEAH, NOT A CHANCE TO LOSE. SO... I PLASTER TEN GRAND ON HOLDEN... AND WHAT COOKS?

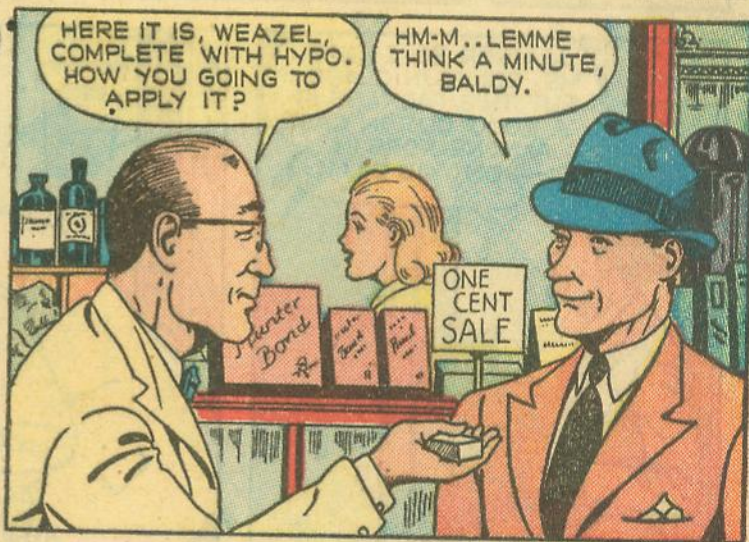
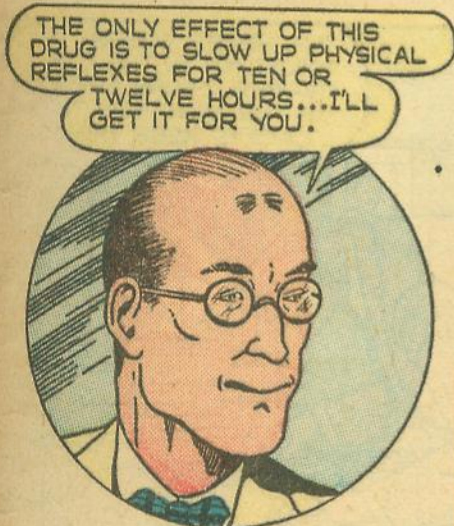


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant  
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NEXT MORNING, AS BARK HALL IS HURRYING ACROSS THE FARR CAMPUS, INTENT ON GETTING TO THE 8:15 CLASS ON TIME, HE IS HALTED BY A HAIL FROM WEAZEL DOOKS.



HEY, SOLDIER, WHERE'S DICK COLE'S ROOM? I GOT A PACKAGE TO DELIVER TO HIM.

MORE FAN MAIL FOR THE HERO, I SUPPOSE. HIS ROOM IS 36..BUT EVERYONE'S IN CLASS NOW.

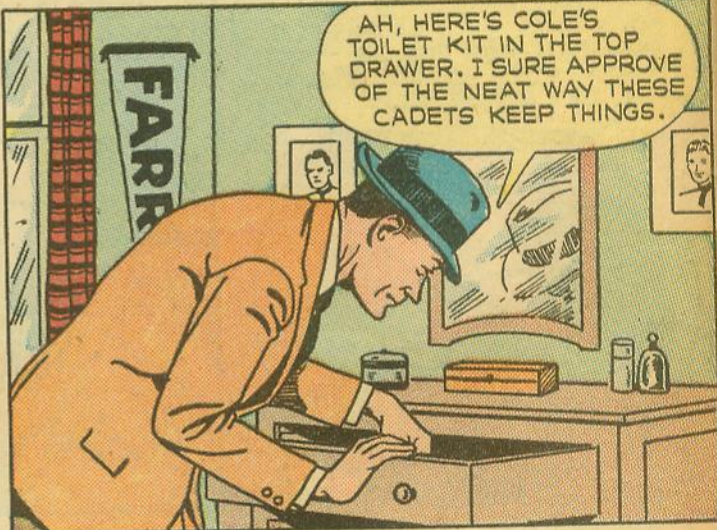
BARK HURRIES ON AND... EVERYONE IN CLASS, EH. FINE! AND IF MY PLAN WORKS, DICK COLE'S A DEAD PIGEON...AND WITHOUT COLE, FARR HASN'T A PRAYER!



DICK'S ROOM..

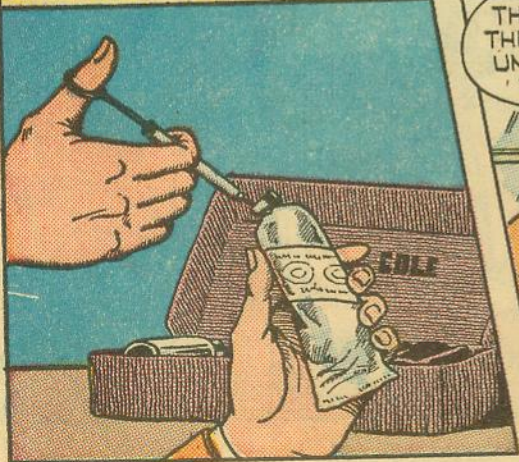


NUMBER 36. I HOPE MR. COLE'S IN CLASS-BUT THIS PACKAGE IS A GOOD OUT IN CASE ANYONE POPS IN ON THIS DEAL.



AH, HERE'S COLE'S TOILET KIT IN THE TOP DRAWER. I SURE APPROVE OF THE NEAT WAY THESE CADETS KEEP THINGS.

WEAZEL INJECTS THE DRUG INTO DICK'S TUBE OF TOOTH-PASTE..AND...



THEN CAREFULLY REPLACES THE TUBE AND KIT IN THE DRAWER...

THERE! COLE WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE..NOT UNTIL HE STARTS PLAYING TOMORROW AFTERNOON.



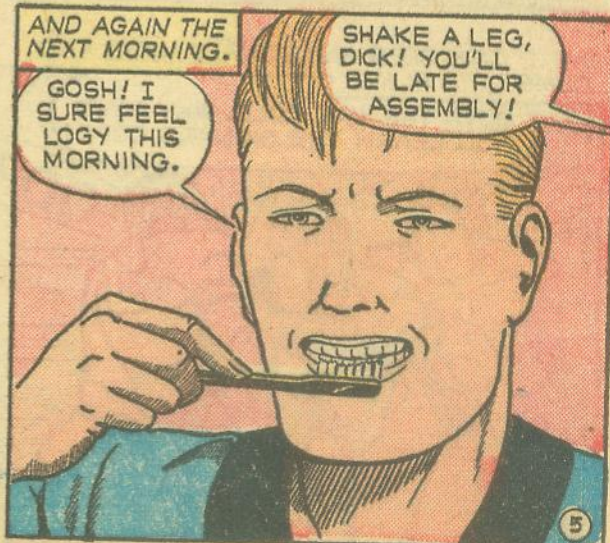
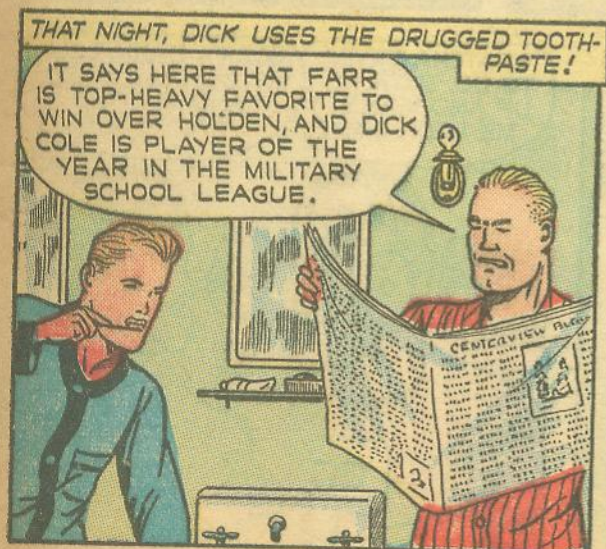
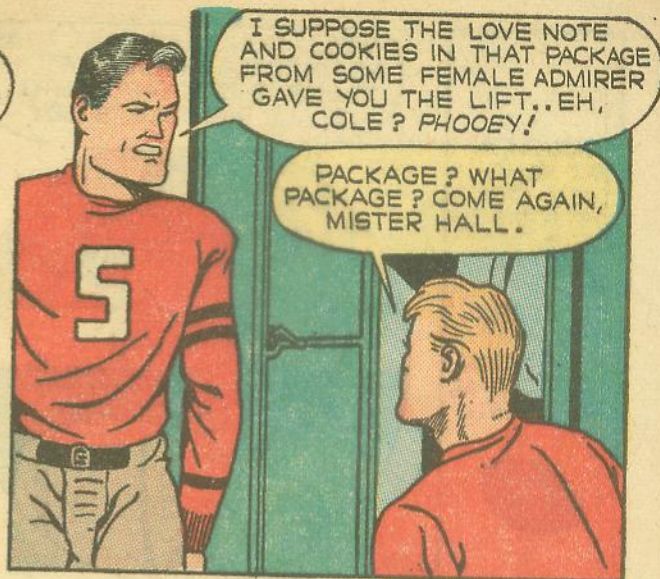
AND THEN DEPARTS-UNSEEN.

THE SLICKEST TRICK I'VE EVER PULLED, AND NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT COLE'S BEEN FRAMED. WONDER WHAT MY CUT WILL BE!





AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE THAT AFTER-NOON.

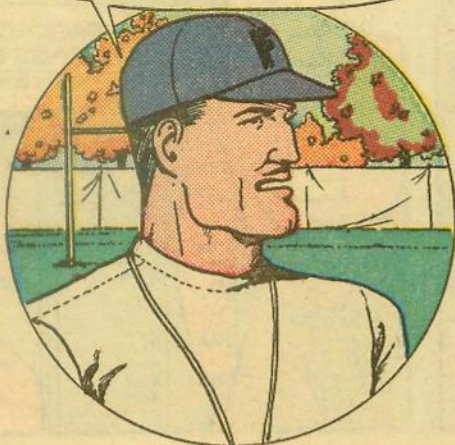




THOUGH A BIT SLUGGISH, DICK GETS ON WELL ENOUGH IN HIS CLASSES.. BUT THAT AFTERNOON AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE..



WE'LL RUN THAT LAST PLAY AGAIN, COLE. YOUR SHIFT TIMING IS OFF. SNAP INTO IT. ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!



THE BALL IS SNAPPED BACK TO DICK, WHO...

FUMBLE!

CONFOUND IT!



WAKE UP, COLE! GOOD THING YOU DON'T DO THAT AS A HABIT!

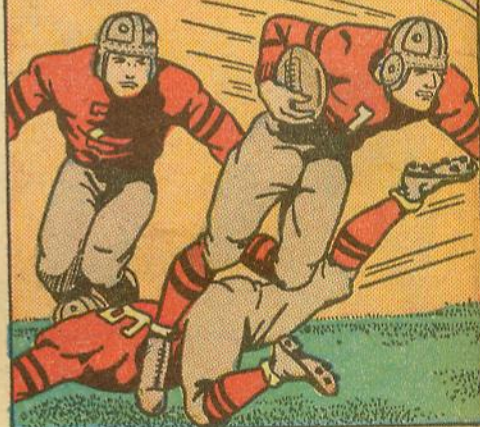
SORRY, COACH. I WAS JUST ALL THUMBS.

DON'T TELL ME OUR BOY HERO IS SLIPPING!



AND ON THE NEXT PLAY..

GOOD GRIEF! HE MISSED HIM A MILE!



NEXT, DICK GETS HIS SIGNALS MIXED AND GUMS UP A PLAY.

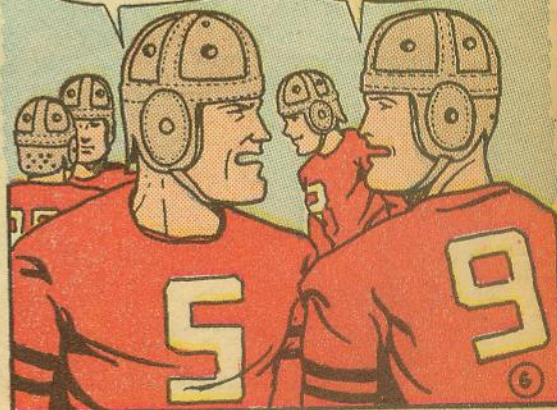
OUTA THE WAY, COLE. WHY DON'T YOU LEARN THE SIGNALS, DOPE!

OOP!

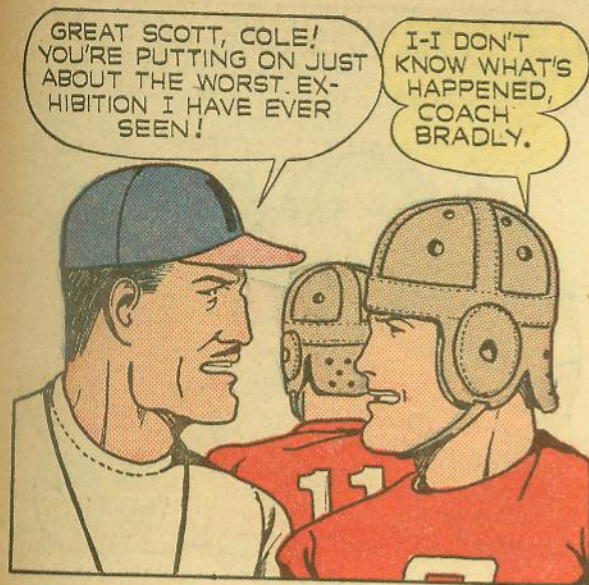


WHATCHA TRYIN' TO DO, SLOW ME UP AND MAKE ME LOOK BAD?

SORRY, BARK. I GOT MY SIGNALS MIXED AND CUT THE WRONG WAY.



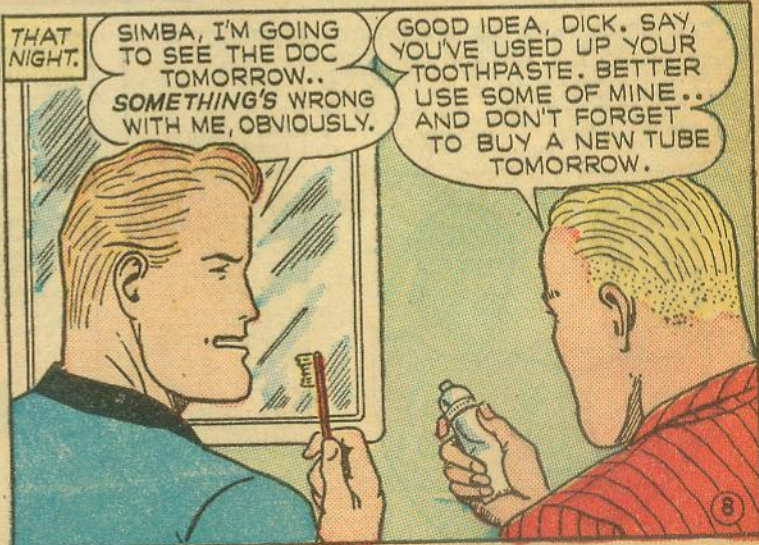




BUT DICK, USING THE DRUGGED TOOTHPASTE TWICE DAILY, STEADILY BECOMES WORSE IN PRACTICE... AND THREE DAYS BEFORE THE HOLDEN GAME...







**Q** UESTION No. 4. What actress starred in the motion picture "Laura"?



NEXT MORNING, DICK ANSWERS SICK CALL.

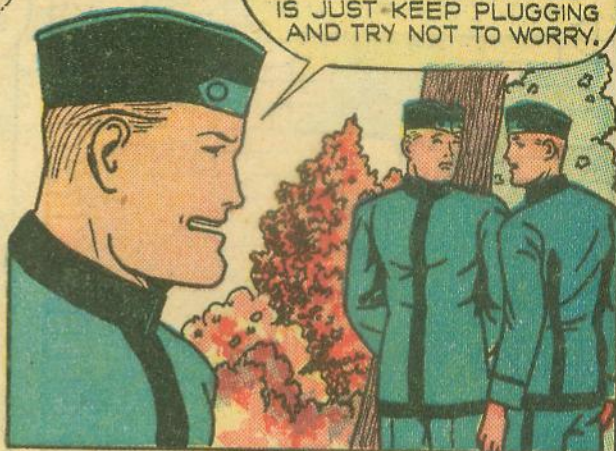
MR. COLE, PHYSICALLY, YOU ARE 100 PER CENT PERFECT..BUT YOUR REFLEXES ARE ABNORMALLY SLOW.. AND I CAN'T HELP THIS CONDITION.

THANKS, DOCTOR. THAT DOESN'T HELP MUCH, I'M AFRAID.



OZ  
NTV  
E7MO  
AVUL.

SLOW REFLEXES ALL AT ONCE. MAYBE I HAVE SOME STRANGE DISEASE. ...WELL, ALL I CAN DO IS JUST KEEP PLUGGING AND TRY NOT TO WORRY.



SO, UNHAPPY AND BEWILDERED, DICK WORKS OUT WITH THE SCRUBS.

WE NOW RETURN TO THE BACK ROOM IN JOE'S POOL PARLOR, AND "WEAZEL" DOOKS AND "JOLLY" ROGERS. IT IS THE EVE OF THE BIG GAME.

WELL, WEAZEL, YOU'RE SURE EVERYTHING IS JAKE FOR TOMORROW?

IT'S IN THE SACK, JOLLY. HERE, LISTEN TO THIS!



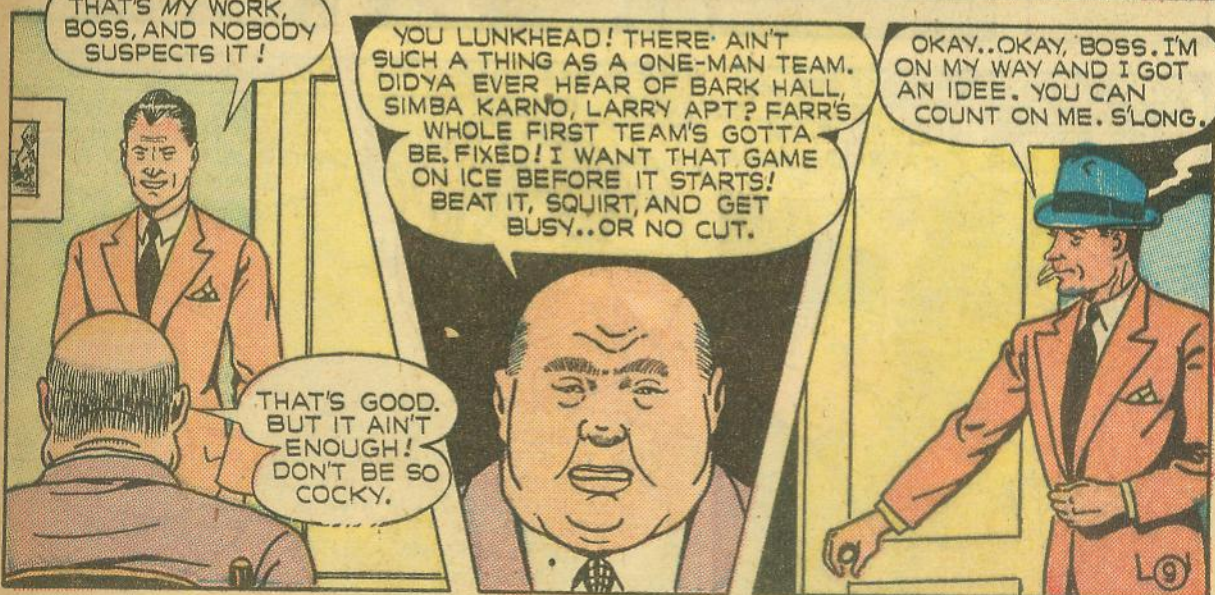
"..AND FARR'S STAR, DICK COLE, IS STILL ON THE FOURTH TEAM... COACH BRADLY STATES HE IS NOT IN CONDITION TO PLAY AGAINST HOLDEN"...



THAT'S MY WORK, BOSS, AND NOBODY SUSPECTS IT!

YOU LUNKHEAD! THERE AIN'T SUCH A THING AS A ONE-MAN TEAM. DIDYA EVER HEAR OF BARK HALL, SIMBA KARNO, LARRY APT? FARR'S WHOLE FIRST TEAM'S GOTTA BE FIXED! I WANT THAT GAME ON ICE BEFORE IT STARTS! BEAT IT, SQUIRT, AND GET BUSY..OR NO CUT.

OKAY..OKAY, BOSS. I'M ON MY WAY AND I GOT AN IDEA. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME. S'LONG.



THAT'S GOOD. BUT IT AIN'T ENOUGH! DON'T BE SO COCKY.

ANSWER No. 4. Gene Tierney played the title role.





AND IN THE WASHROOM AT FARR, AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME.



FOR TWO NIGHTS AND A MORNING NOW, DICK HAS BEEN FREE OF THE DRUG... AS A RESULT, THE MORNING OF THE GAME...

OH, BOY! DO I FEEL LIKE A BRAND NEW PERSON. WHOOPEE! HAVEN'T FELT LIKE THIS IN DAYS, SIMBA!

FINE, DICK. BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO DO YOU ANY GOOD.. BRADLY WOULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE AT THIS LATE HOUR.



11:00 A.M. AND THE ENTIRE SQUAD IS ABOUT TO BOARD TWO BUSES FOR THE TRIP TO HOLDEN M.A.

ALL RIGHT! A AND B TEAMS IN THE FIRST BUS, C AND D TEAMS IN BUS TWO..



I'LL SEE YOU AT THE GAME, DICK. DAD'S DRIVING ME IN HIS CAR.

YOU'LL SEE ME AT THE GAME, BUT NOT IN IT, I'M AFRAID, LAURA.



THE BUSES, LOADED, PULL OUT, AND ON THE FIRST BUS...

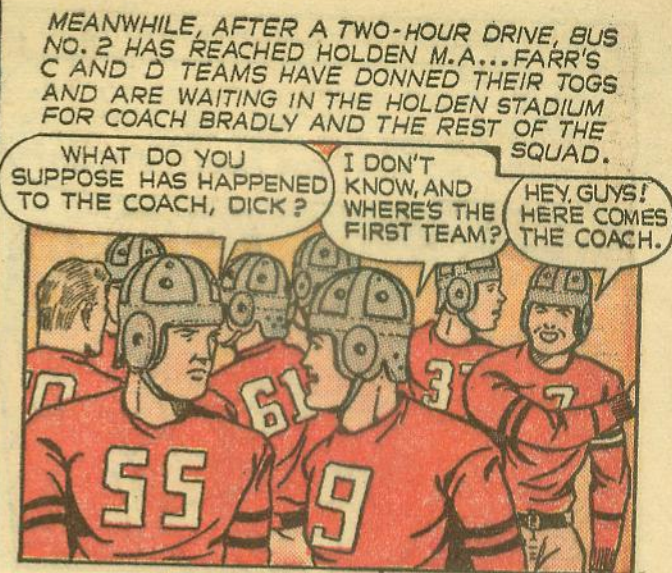


SURE COST ME PLenty TO BRIBE THE REGULAR DRIVER, BUT JOLLY AIN'T GONNA MIND.

SOMEHOW, THE DRIVER OF THIS BUS IS FAMILIAR... WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIM BEFORE? HM-M.. BOTHERS ME THAT I CAN'T PLACE HIM.. BUT WHAT'S THE DIFF!



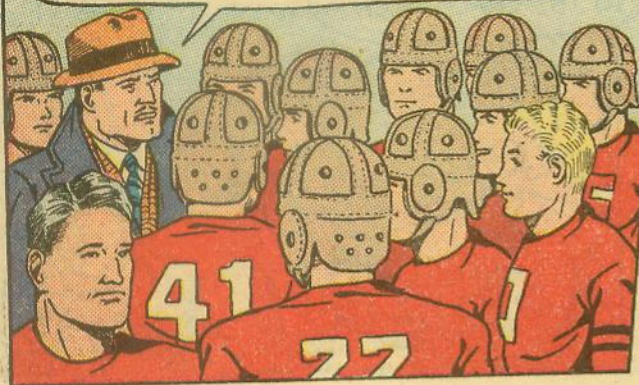






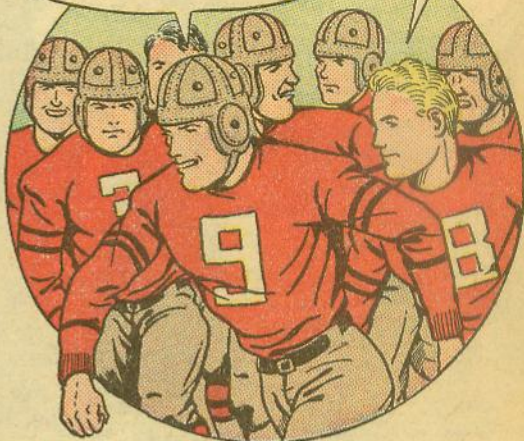
BACK AT HOLDEN'S STADIUM.. FIVE MINUTES TO GAME TIME.

HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OTHER BUS. IT'S GAME TIME.. YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO SUB FOR THE FIRST TEAM... GET IN THERE AND FIGHT FOR FARR! LET'S GO!



COME ON, GANG! WE'LL SHOW 'EM THE SCRUBS ARE NO PUSH-OVERS! UP AND AT 'EM!

WE'RE WITH YOU, DICK! WHOOPS!



IN THE STANDS ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE.

HERE COMES FARR'S TEAM. HEY, BOSS! AIN'T THAT DICK COLE?

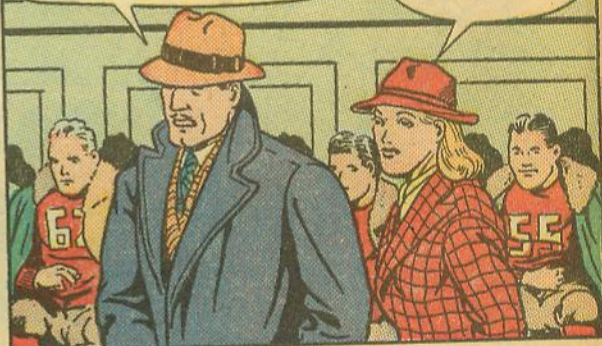
YEAH.. IT IS! BUT LOOK AT THE PLAYERS' NUMBERS! THAT'S THE THIRD AND FOURTH TEAMS. HO! COLE CAN'T CARRY 'EM ALL ON HIS BACK! IT'S IN THE BAG!



THE TOE OF HOLDEN'S HUGE TACKLE SMACKS INTO THE PIGSKIN AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME IS ON!

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! FARR IS IN FOR THE WORST BEATING IN ITS HISTORY.

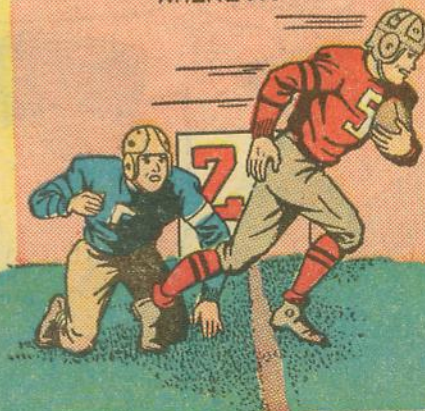
NOT WHILE DICK COLE IS IN THERE, DAD. YOU'LL SEE.



DICK RECEIVES THE KICKOFF, ELUDES HOLDEN'S ENDS, AND..



TWISTING AND WEAVING, FIGHTS HIS WAY PAST THE 50 YARD STRIPE, THE 40 YARD! 30 YARD! 20 YARD.. WHERE...



HE STRAIGHT-ARMS THE LAST HOLDEN TACKLER AND... SCORES!





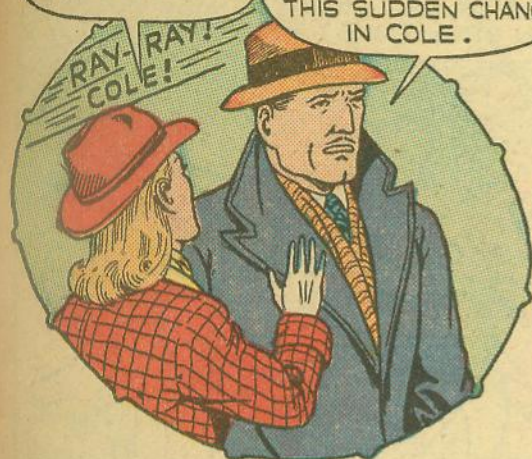
OH, DAD! DICK SCORED! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO COUNT ON HIM?

HE CERTAINLY DID! WHY HE RAN LIKE HIS OLD SELF! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS SUDDEN CHANGE IN COLE.

DICK KICKS THE GOAL AND FARR LEADS, 7 TO 0.

BLAST THAT #@!! COLE! #!\*\*\*!

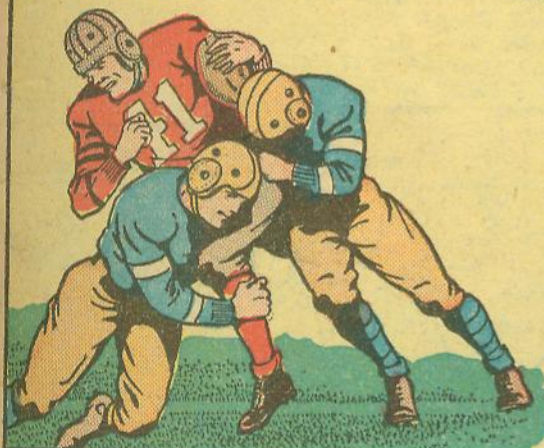
DICK INTERCEPTS A LONG HOLDEN PASS ON FARR'S THREE YARD LINE.



HOLDEN STOPS FARR'S ATTACK.. AND TAKES THE BALL ON FARR'S 9 YARD LINE.

FOUR PLAYS FINDS HOLDEN A FOOT SHORT OF A TOUCHDOWN.. BUT, FARR HOLDS AND TAKES THE BALL.

DICK SPIRALS A 50 YD. PUNT FROM BEHIND HIS GOAL LINE, AND...



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE FIRST QUARTER ENDS WITH FARR STILL AHEAD, 7-0.

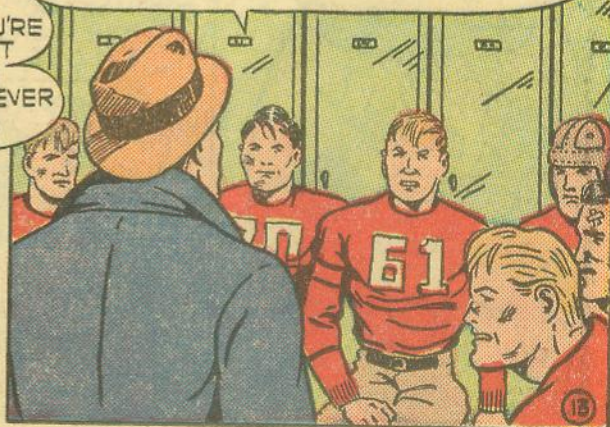
BUT DESPITE THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT, LATE IN THE 2ND QUARTER THE SCRUBS WEAKEN. HOLDEN MAKES A TOUCHDOWN...KICKS THE GOAL..AND THE SCORE IS TIED.

YOU'RE PLAYING A SWELL GAME, COLE, BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE EVERY TACKLE..A GOOD MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ON HOLDEN'S TEAM...

THANKS, JACK. YOU'RE THE BEST CAPTAIN HOLDEN EVER HAD.

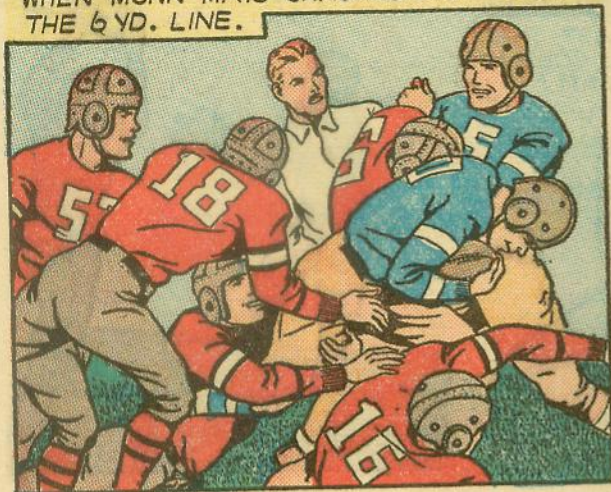
IN THE FARR DRESSING ROOM BETWEEN HALVES.

MEN, I'M PROUD OF YOU! BARK HALL PHONED IN..THE FIRST TEAM WILL BE HERE SOON...JUST KEEP UP THE FIGHT!





GAME, BUT TIRING FAST, THE FARR SCRUBS YIELD A TOUCHDOWN IN THE THIRD QUARTER WHEN "MONK" MAYS CRASHES OVER FROM THE 6 YD. LINE.



HOLDEN FAILS TO CONVERT. SCORE: HOLDEN 13-FARR 7. DICK RALLIES HIS FAGGED TEAMMATES...

BUCK UP, FELLOWS! WE CAN STILL TAKE THEM!

TIME OUT! HERE COMES THE FIRST TEAM!



HERE AT LAST! WE DRESSED ON THE BUS TO SAVE TIME. NICE GOIN', DICK!

TAKE OVER, BARK, AND GIVE 'EM FITS!

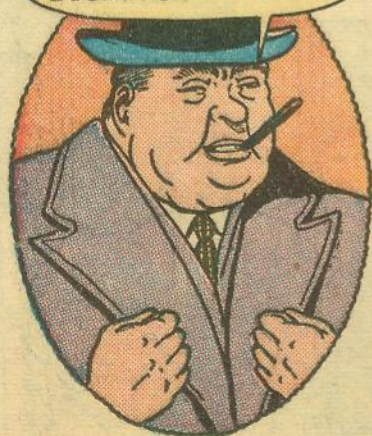
COLE, WE'RE BURNED UP! HEAVEN HELP HOLDEN!



EXHAUSTED, DICK AND HIS MATES WATCH THE FARR VARSITY TEAR INTO HOLDEN. BARK HALL BUCKS OVER FROM THE 8 YD. LINE, SIMBA REELS OFF A PAY-OFF 40 YD. DASH, AND SLIP'RY INTERCEPTS A PASS AND CONVERTS IT INTO A TOUCHDOWN...THE GAME ENDS WITH FARR WINNING, 30 TO 13!



WELL! I'M OUT TEN GRAND! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON WEAZEL DOOKS! JUST WAIT!

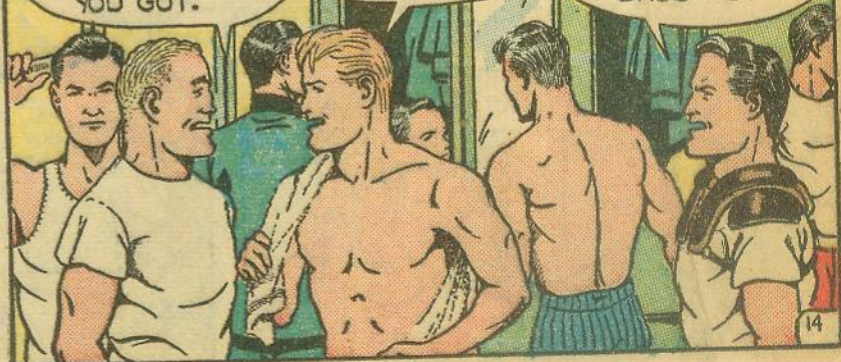


THE FARR DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE GAME.. SIMBA TELLS DICK ABOUT WEAZEL.

SO YOU SEE, DICK. WEAZEL DRUGGED YOUR TOOTHPASTE. THE MORE YOU USED IT, THE WORSE YOU GOT.

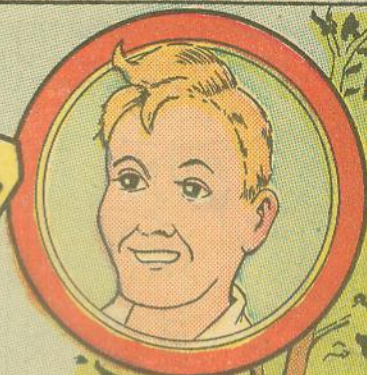
WHAT A RELIEF TO KNOW THAT I HAVEN'T A STRANGE DISEASE!

HUH! EVEN WHEN HE'S DRUGGED, COLE TURNS UP A HERO. I WISH SOMEBODY'D DRUG ME!

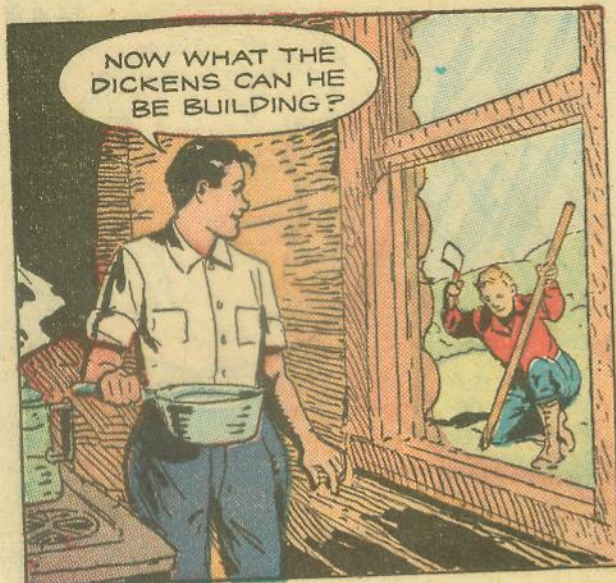




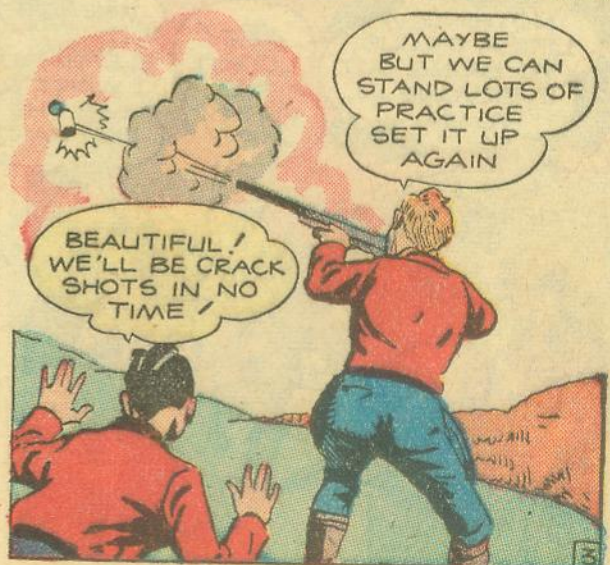
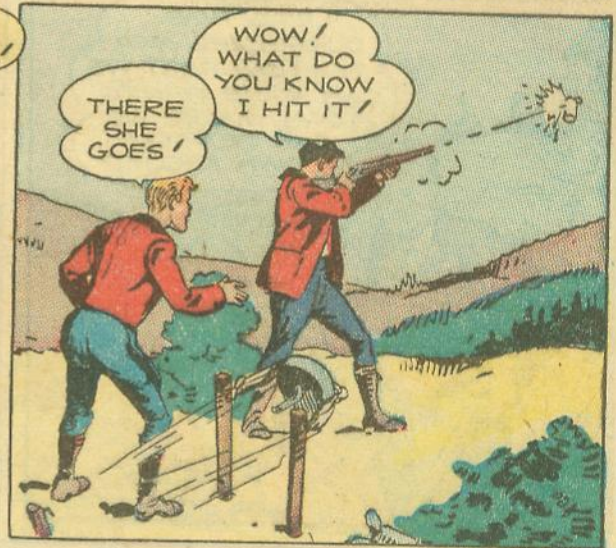
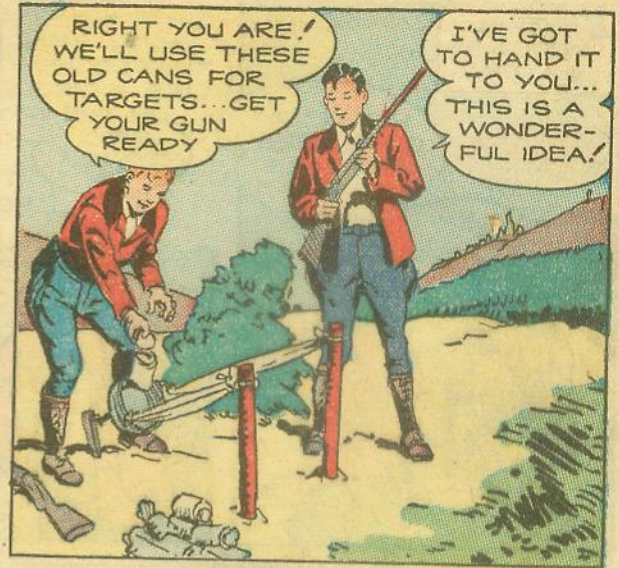
# Edison Bell













SEVERAL  
MORNINGS  
LATER...

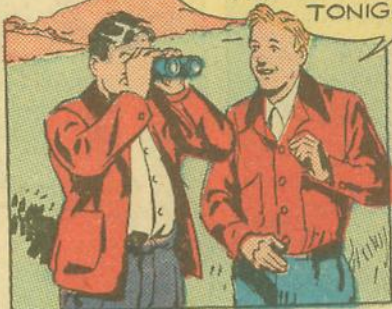
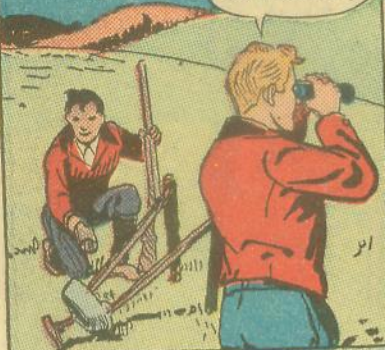
HEY, JERRY...  
COME HERE  
AND TAKE  
A LOOK!

WHY,  
THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A CIRCUS  
ON THE WAY  
INTO TOWN!

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
THOUGHT  
WHAT SAY  
WE HEAD  
FOR HOME?  
WE CAN GET  
THERE IN AN  
HOUR AND SEE  
THE CIRCUS  
TONIGHT.

WHAT  
ABOUT  
THE  
TRAP?

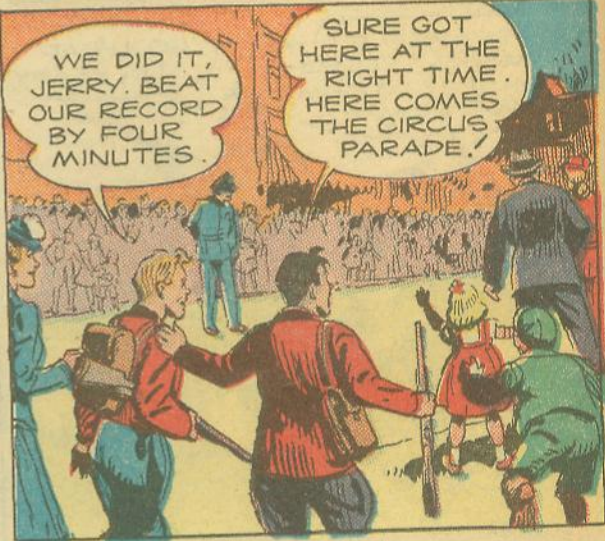
OH, WE  
CAN JUST  
LEAVE IT AS  
IS.



LET'S TIME  
OURSELVES AND  
SEE HOW FAST WE  
CAN MAKE IT INTO  
TOWN. MAYBE WE  
CAN BEAT OUR  
OWN RECORD.

WE DID IT,  
JERRY. BEAT  
OUR RECORD  
BY FOUR  
MINUTES.

SURE GOT  
HERE AT THE  
RIGHT TIME.  
HERE COMES  
THE CIRCUS  
PARADE!



NOTHING  
LIKE A CIRCUS  
TO BRING OUT  
EVERYONE IN  
TOWN.

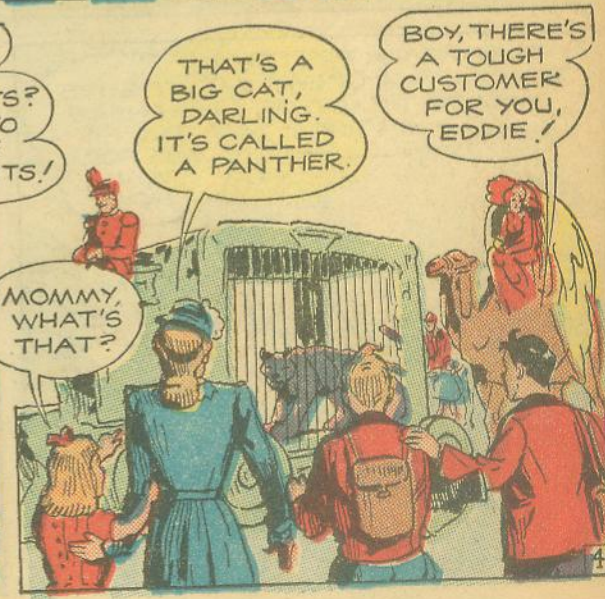
GEE!  
LOOKIT  
THE FUNNY  
MAN!

WHERE'S  
THE  
ELEPHANTS?  
I WANT TO  
SEE THE  
ELEPHANTS!

THAT'S A  
BIG CAT,  
DARLING.  
IT'S CALLED  
A PANTHER.

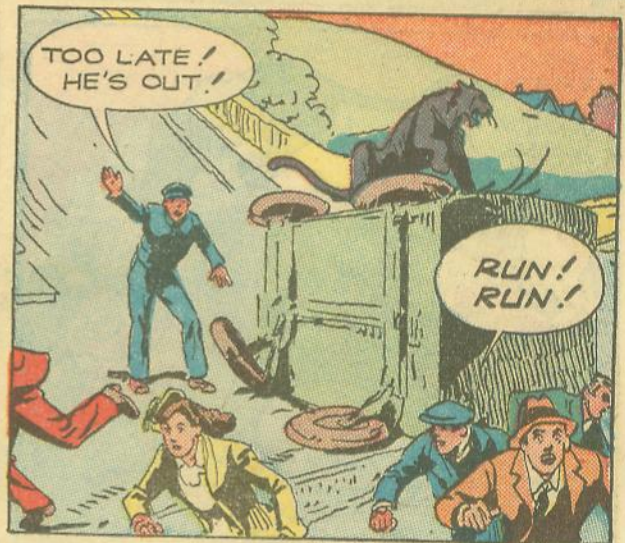
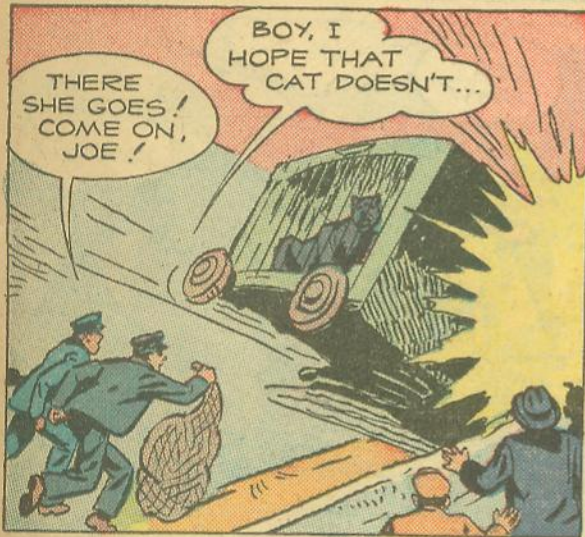
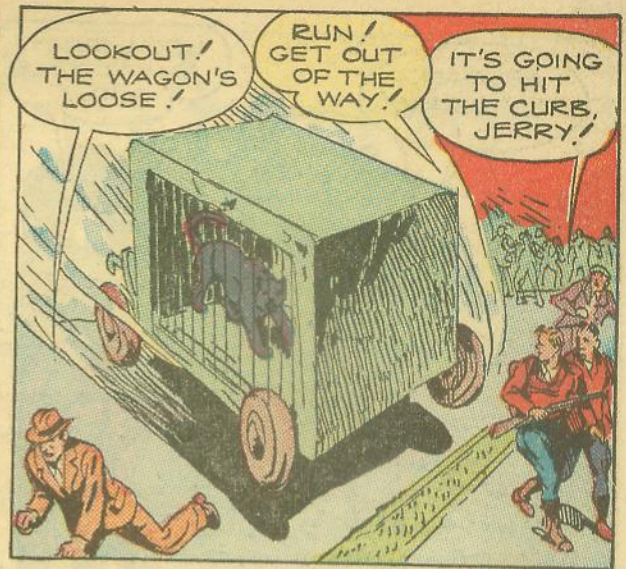
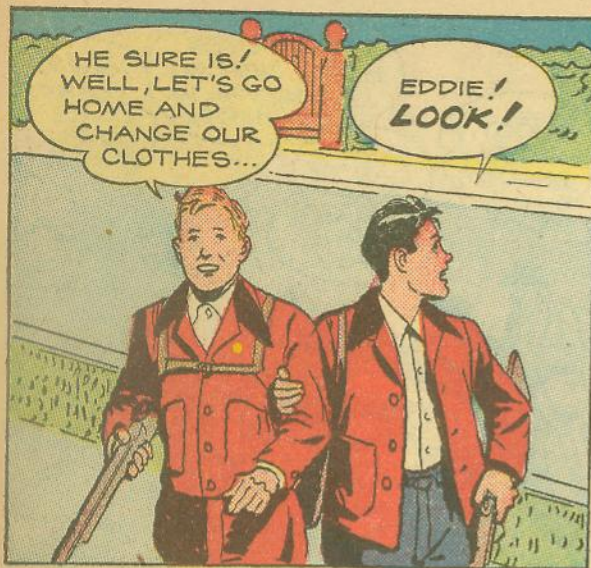
BOY, THERE'S  
A TOUGH  
CUSTOMER  
FOR YOU,  
EDDIE!

MOMMY,  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

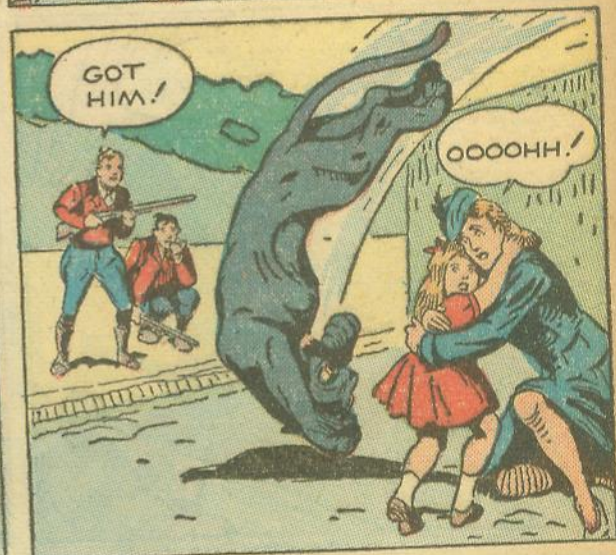
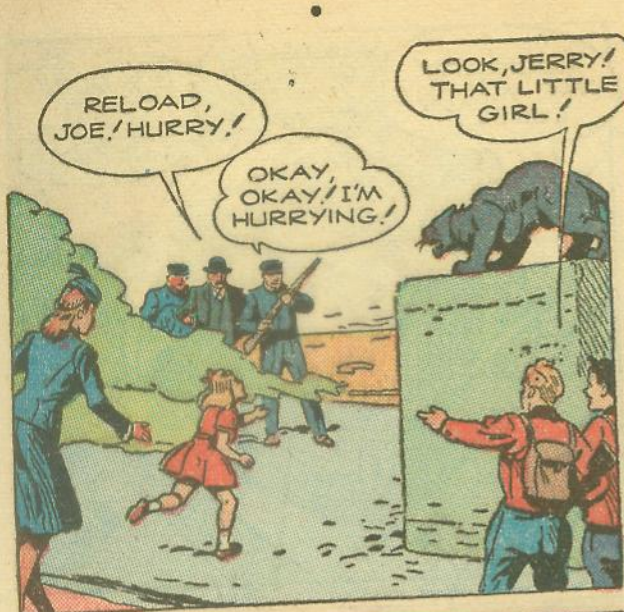


QUESTION No. 8. What famous German aviator organized the "Flying Circus," in World War I?











# HOW TO MAKE A MOVING TARGET

ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE IT ARE.....

③ A RIGID TARGET FRAME WITH REMOVABLE TARGET..

⑤ FOUR ORDINARY PULLEYS...USE WHAT YOU HAVE..

① TWO 2X6" PLANKS ABOUT 6 FEET HIGH

④ ONE WEIGHT (ABOUT 2 LBS.) TO HOLD THE TARGET ERECT.

SET THE PLANKS AS FAR APART AS YOU LIKE

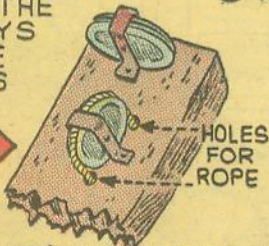
⑥ ENOUGH ROPE TO RIG IT UP..THIS WILL DEPEND ON HOW BIG YOU MAKE IT..

② TWO ORDINARY 1" BOARDS ABOUT 3 FEET LONG.

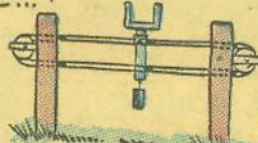
WHEN THE TARGET REACHES PLANK #2, HE WILL PULL THE OTHER ROPE AND MOVE THE TARGET BACK TO PLANK #1

THIS IS HOW TO SET IT UP...

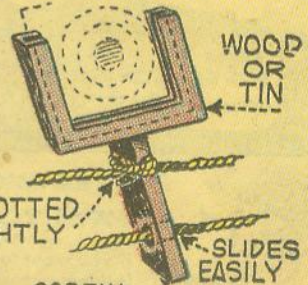
① MOUNT THE PULLEYS ON THE PLANKS THIS WAY



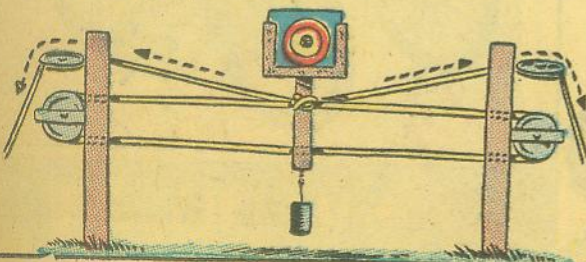
② RUN THE ROPE THROUGH THE PLANKS and AROUND THE VERTICAL PULLEYS...KNOT IT AROUND THE TARGET FRAME...



③ ADJUST THE TARGET FRAME LIKE THIS



④ TIE THE "PULL" ROPES AT THE TARGET FRAME AND RUN THEM AROUND THE HORIZONTAL PULLEYS....

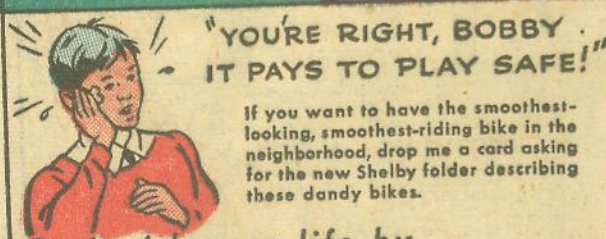
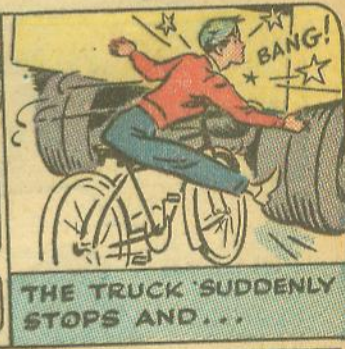


⑤ KNOT THE ROPE ENDS TO KEEP THE ROPE FROM SLIPPING AWAY...



1" BOARDS





Don't risk your life by "hitching rides" or taking other needless chances... when you play, play safe!

*Bobby Shelby*

The SHELBY CYCLE CO., SHELBY 1, OHIO

For a SAFE, SMOOTH RIDE



*Ride*

The **SHELBY**  
AMERICA'S QUALITY BICYCLE





# GROVER AND BONNIE

GROVER CLUMP, LOCAL SALESMAN FOR TERRIFIC TICK TOCK CORP., CLOCK MANUFACTURERS, AND HIS BRIDE BONNIE, PHONE OPERATOR FOR SAME FIRM, ARE WORKING HARD TO WIN A PROMOTION FOR GROVER - BECAUSE AS SALESMANAGER HE CAN AFFORD TO PURCHASE THE COTTAGE IN HAPPY HEIGHTS THAT BONNIE DREAMS ABOUT.

By Jack Callahan

OH! ISN'T IT DARLING! IT EVEN HAS A DOOR KNOCKER

ER-HOW MUCH?

LET'S STEP INTO MY OFFICE.

THE EASIEST WAY TO BUY THIS HOUSE WOULD BE ON A TIME PAYMENT PLAN.

THAT TIME ARRANGEMENT IS RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY--I SELL CLOCKS. HA, HAR!

HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE?

TWENTY YEARS-- SHALL WE CLOSE THE DEAL NOW?

OH, NO. WE HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MY HUBBY GETS HIS PROMOTION.

LATER

SAY, BONNIE, WAS HE KIDDING WHEN HE SAID THAT WAS A MATTER OF TIME TOO? MY PROMOTION?

OH, GROVER!





QUESTION No. 9. Can you name three methods for making coffee?



TWO HOURS LATER.

GOOD MORNING, TERRIFIC  
TICK TOCK-- OH GROVER!  
LUNCH? O.K., HONEY,  
SAME PLACE.

UP

ALL I  
GOT WAS  
AN INSULT!

NOON.

TELL ME ABOUT  
ALL THE CLOCKS  
YOU SOLD.

WELL  
ER-UH...

HOT DOGS

HOT  
BOW  
WOWS

AS I WAS SHOWING  
MR. BARGAINFELD MY  
SAMPLES, HE LOOKED  
AT MY WRIST----

AT  
TOWN  
HALL

-AND SAID, "OH THAT  
REMINDS ME,  
SOMETHING CHEAP  
IN A WRIST  
WATCH."

SO-I SOCKED THE GUY.  
HE CAN'T CALL ME  
CHEAP AND GET  
AWAY WITH IT!

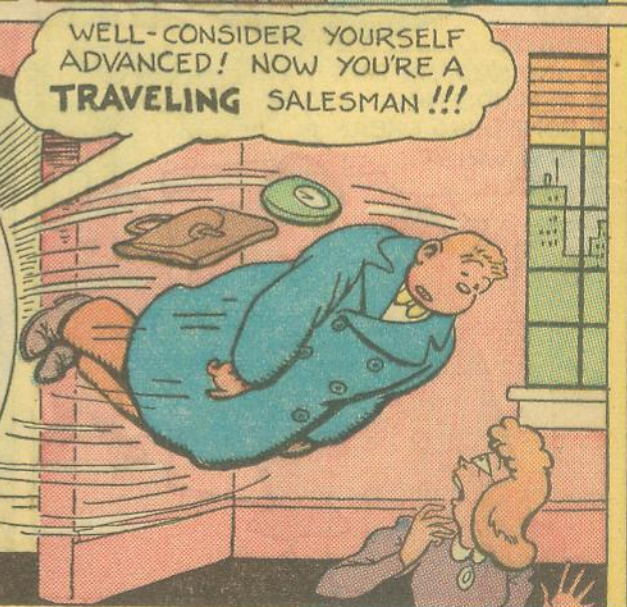
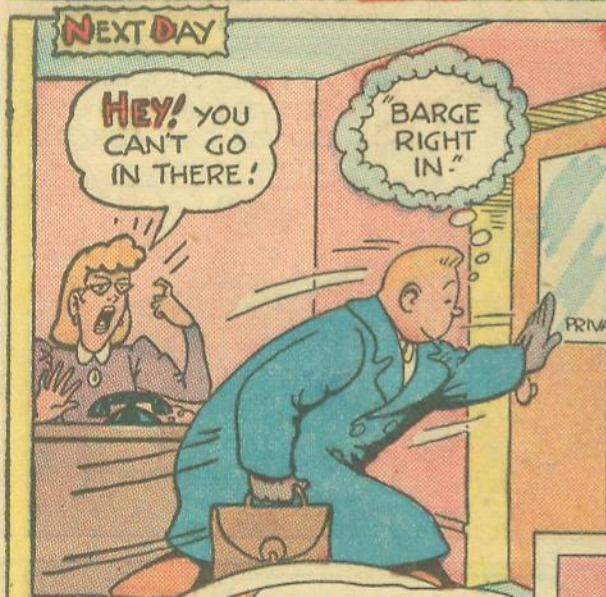
OH,  
GROVER!



**THAT NIGHT**



**NEXT DAY**

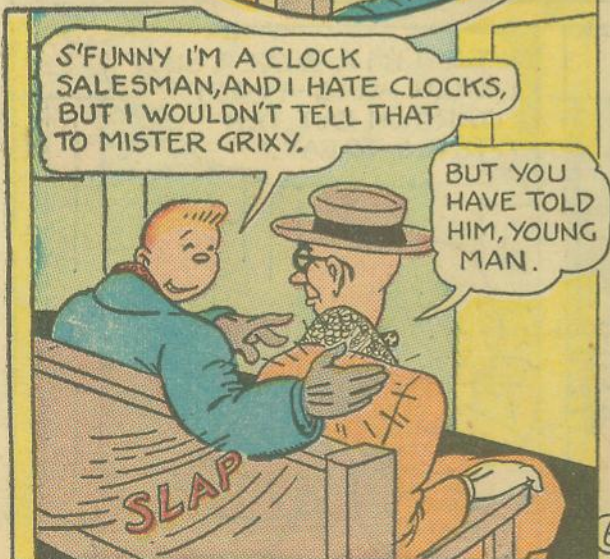
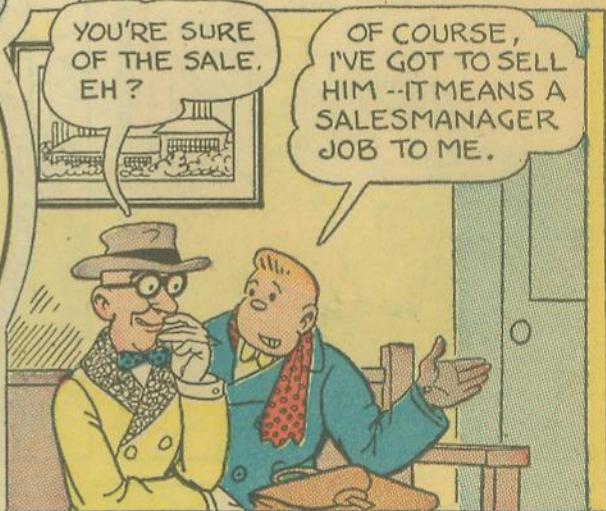


**QUESTION** No. 10. Take the name **SASKATCHEWAN**—take away **SEW**, add **C**, and spell a name on this page.



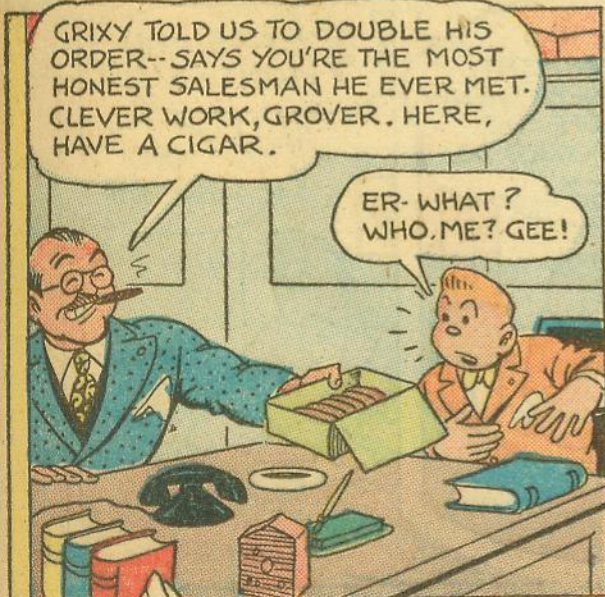




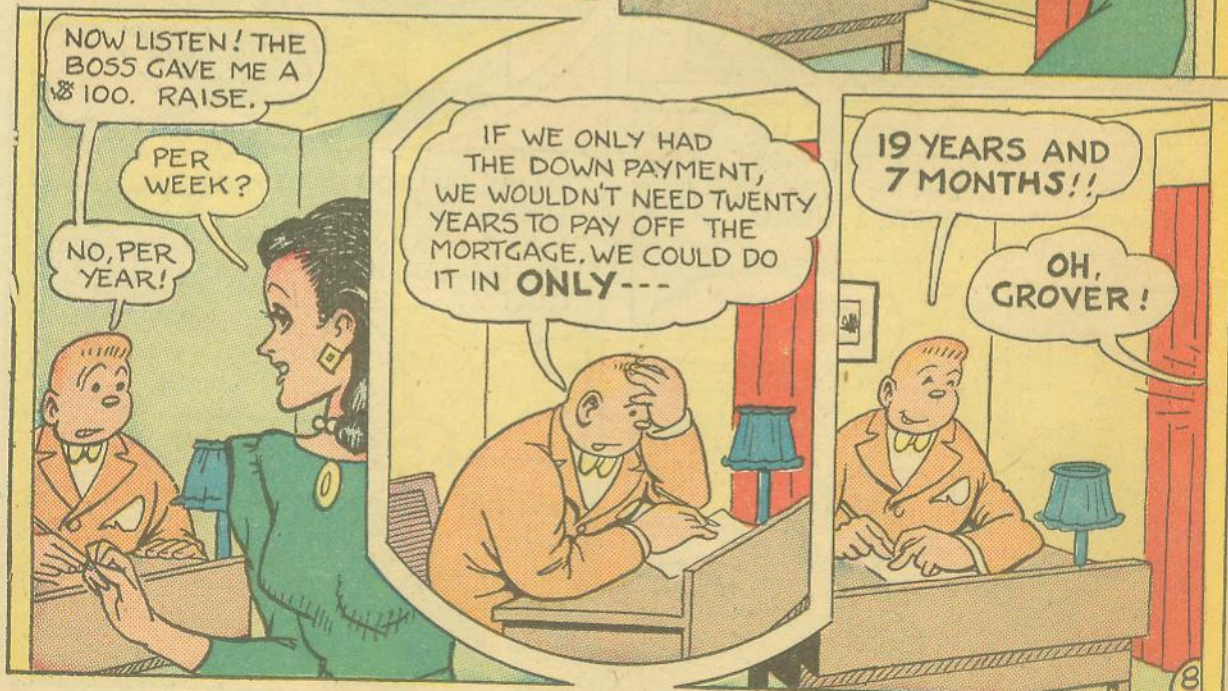
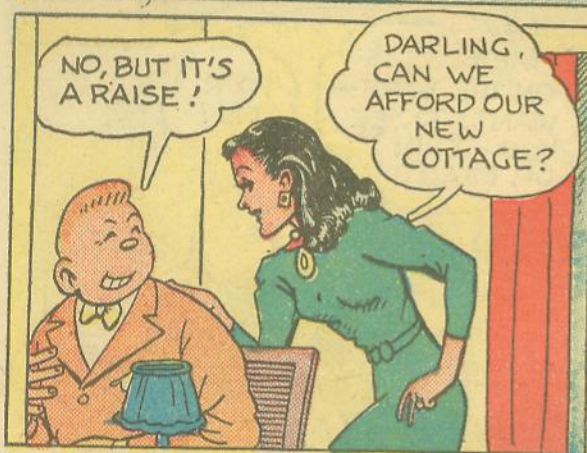
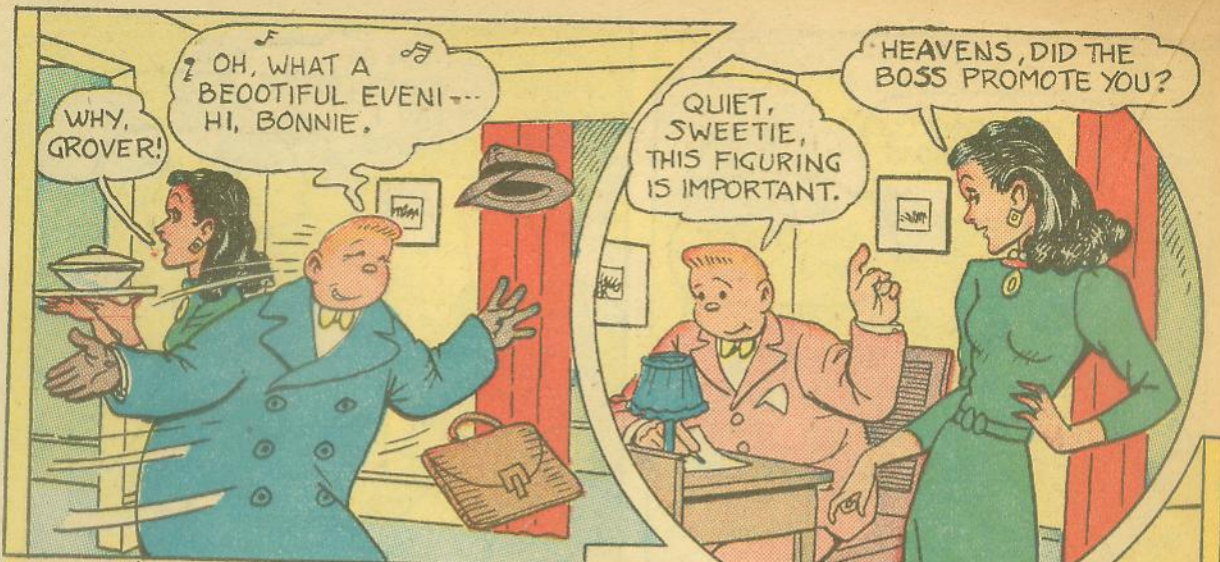


QUESTION No. 11. Are Mr. Grixey's and Grover's overcoats single-breasted or double-breasted?











# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE READERS OF 4MOST

Dear Readers:

For several years now, the Editors of 4MOST have tried to publish the four most popular stories, according to your choice. We are pretty sure that Dick Cole, Cadet, and Edison Bell are three of your favorites, but we want to know which strip should be added as the 4thMOST popular one.

In the past months, we have run Target and Targeteers, Dan'l Flannel, and Candid Charlie in the "fourth spot", but the Editors are still not sure that one of these strips is the one *you* want.

In this issue we are taking still another step in an effort to find out just what you readers want. On the preceding eight pages we have printed a brand new strip, GROVER AND BONNIE! Grover and Bonnie are a couple of young married people full of fun and beset with many problems that turn their existence topsy turvy most of the time.

This strip is quite different from any story appearing previously in 4MOST, and the Editors want to know how you like it. Do you think it is funny? Is it worthy of the "fourth spot" in 4MOST? How does it compare with Dan'l Flannel, Candid Charlie, and Target and Targeteers in popularity?

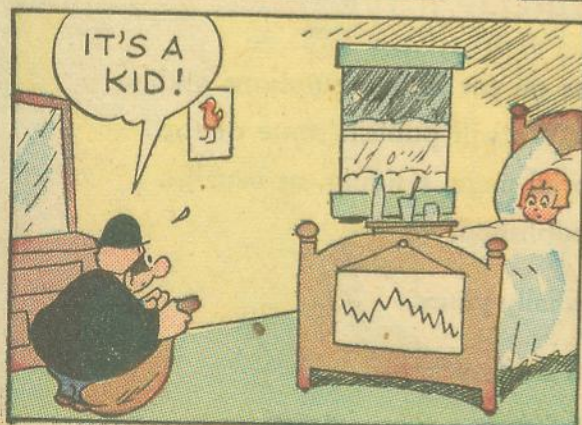
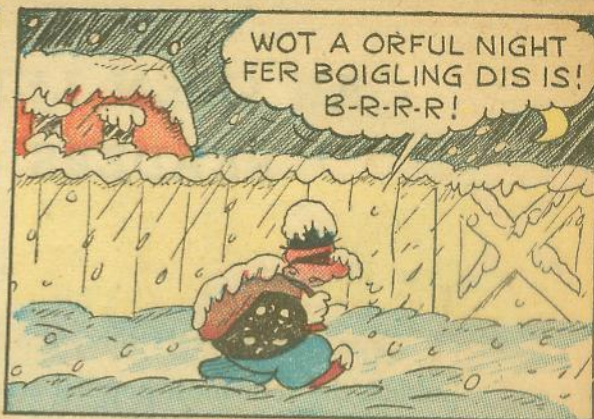
Write and give us your opinions on the above questions and any other suggestions you may have. We will publish some of the most constructive letters on our editorial page, sending, as usual, a dollar to the writers of those letters published.

Cordially yours,

The Editors



# BOITRAM The BOIGLAR













# THE CADET



**K**IT CARTER AND HIS PAL, DAN MERRY, IN A HAIR-RAISING CHASE AFTER AN ESCAPED CONVICT... SAVE A KIDNAPPED GIRL, AND A FOOTBALL GAME WITH A LAST-MINUTE CLIMAX.

WALTER JOHNSON

MAY HE GO OUT, TODAY, DOCTOR?  
YES, BUT EASY ON THAT FOOT, SON!



HOW DOES THE FOOT FEEL?



SWELL! BUT THEN I'M WALKING ON CLOUDS WHEN I'M WALKING WITH YOU, BESSIE!



LET'S GO FOR A RIDE!



FINE!



**K**IT CARTER AND DAN MERRY SAVED CLINT SMITH FROM A FLAMING HOSPITAL ROOM WHERE HE WAS RECOVERING FROM AN INJURY RECEIVED IN A FOOTBALL GAME AT DAUNTON. BESSIE NASH, WHOM KIT THINKS PRETTY WONDERFUL, IS ACTING AS CLINT'S NURSE!

55





**Q** UESTION No. 14. What U. S. highway is often called the Maine-to-Miami route?



SHE'S  
FULL UP!  
ANYTHING  
ELSE, SIR?

YEAH, AND  
YOU HAVE  
IT!

STICK  
'EM  
UP!

HELP!  
HELP!

THAT'LL HOLD  
YOU FOR A  
WHILE!

BOP!

THREE HUNDRED  
SMACKERS! THAT'S  
A BIG HELP!

WITH THIS SPEEDSTER  
FULL OF GAS, I'M  
O.K.!

MEANWHILE -- AT  
DAUNTON FIELD --

THINK WE'LL  
BEAT PERRY  
ACADEMY  
TOMORROW?

I HOPE SO,  
BUT THEY  
ARE TOUGH!  
WON ALL  
THEIR  
GAMES!

MERRY, THROW THAT LONG PASS  
TO CARTER. I WANT TO USE  
IT AGAINST PERRY  
TOMORROW!

YES,  
SIR.

I THINK YOU TOSSED IT  
TOO  
FAR,  
DAN!

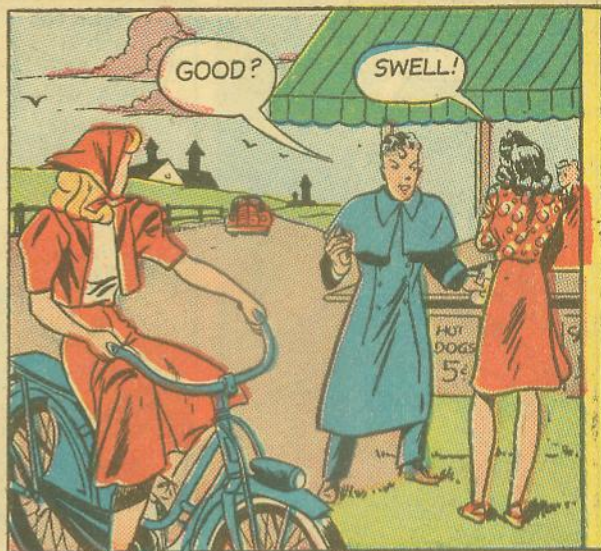
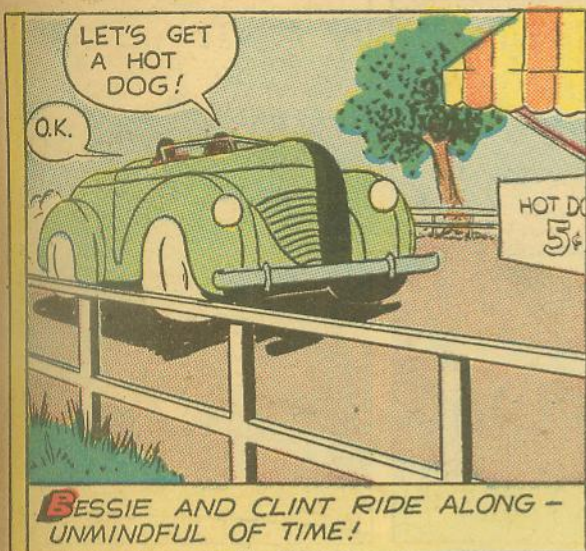
WATCH KIT, SIR.  
HE'S FAST!



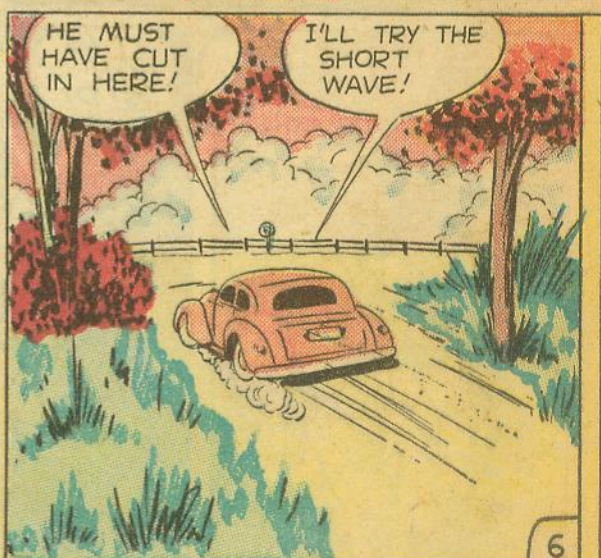
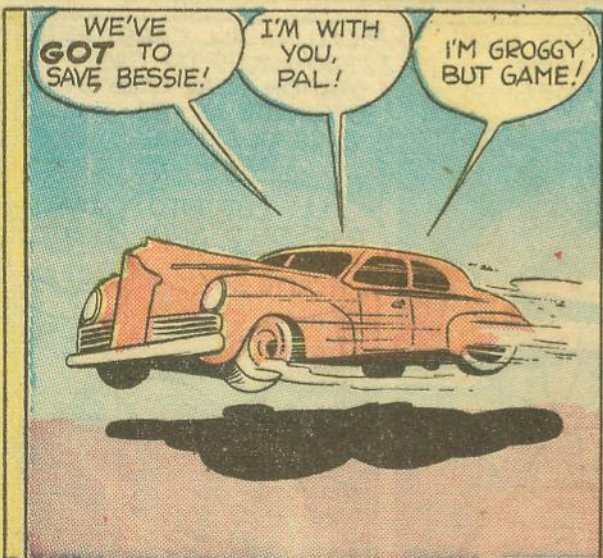
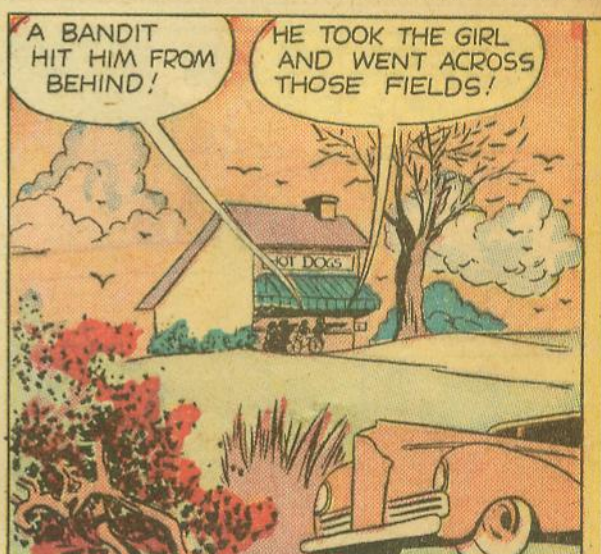


**Q** UESTION No. 15. Can you find the name of one of the Hebrew tribes on this page?



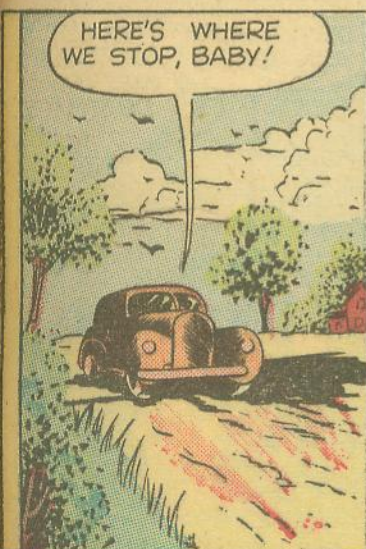
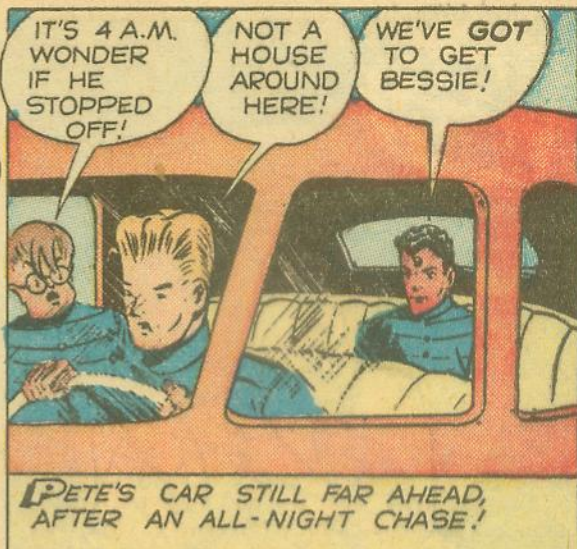




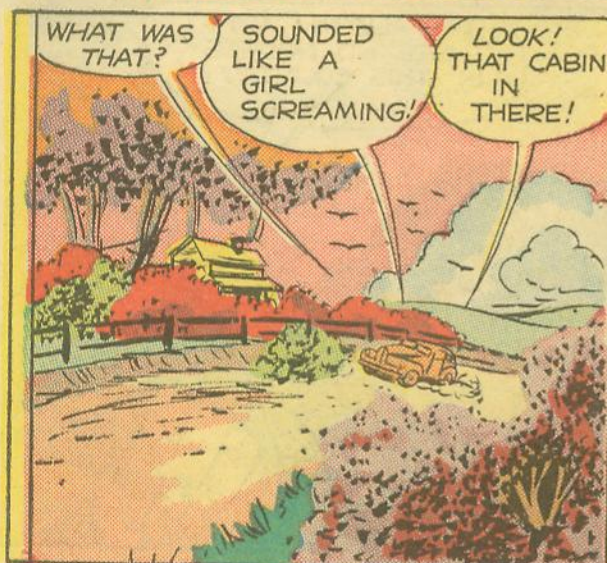
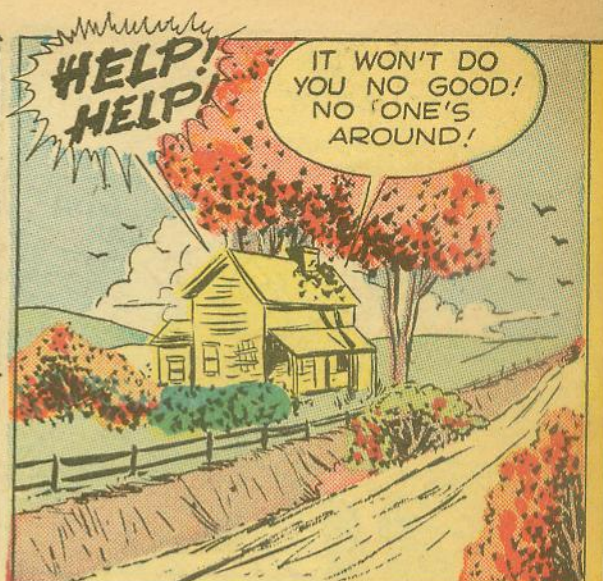


QUESTION No. 16. What is the action called when a hockey goalie stops a puck?



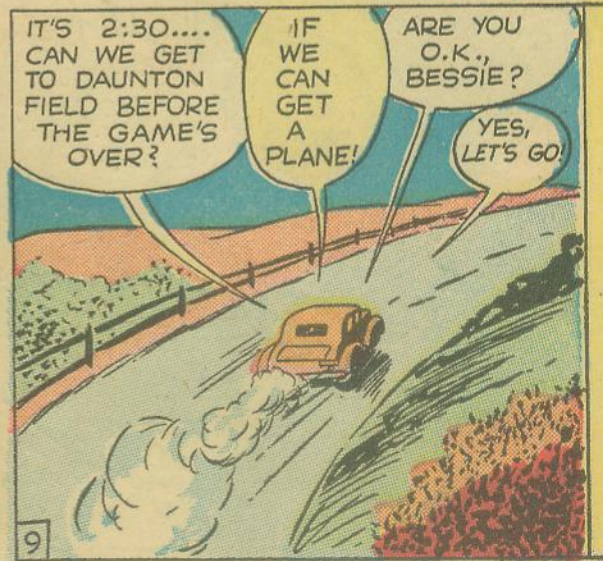
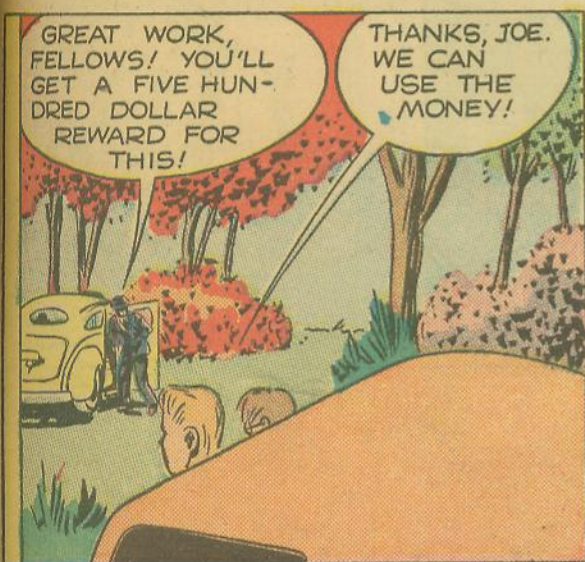
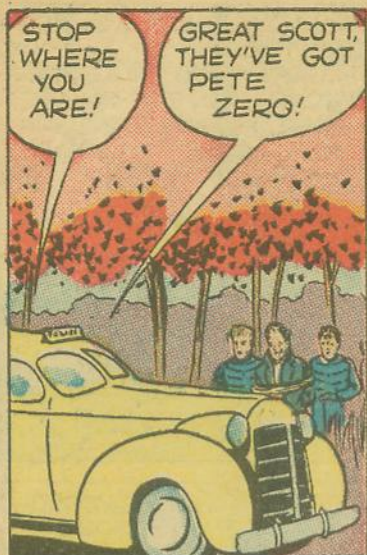






**Q** UESTION No. 17. How much is a score?

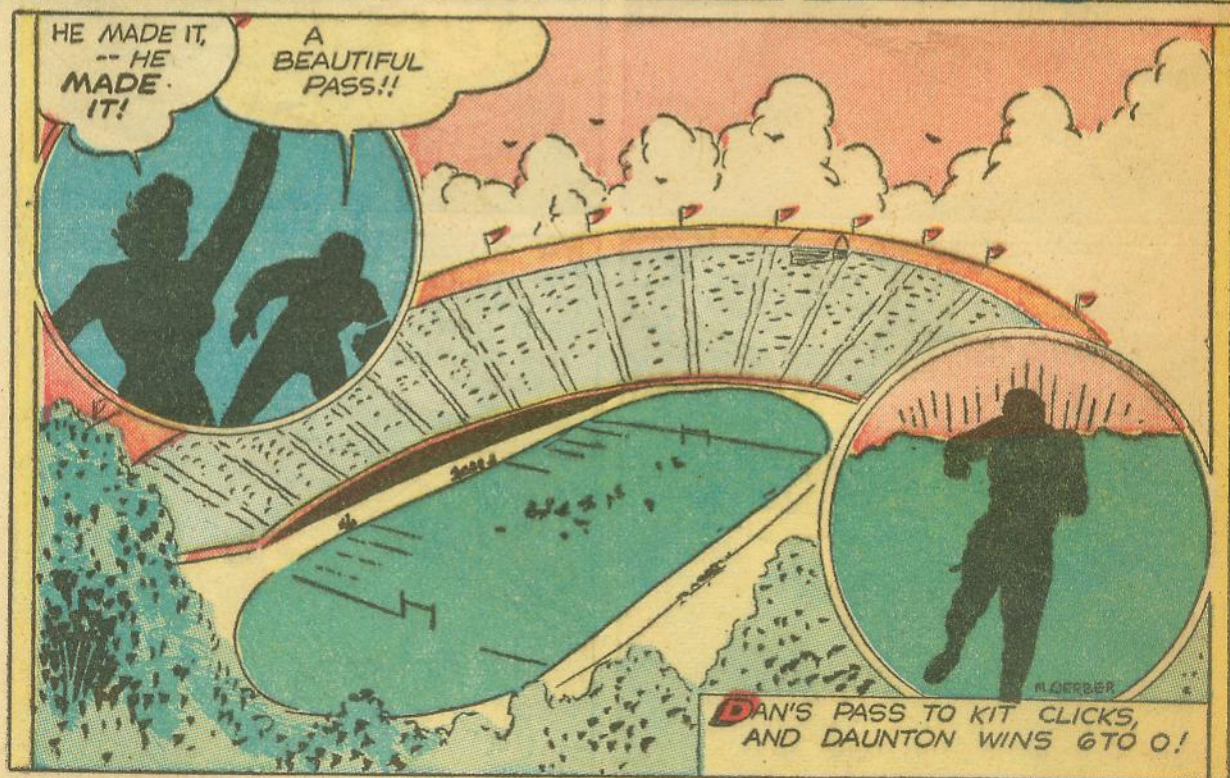
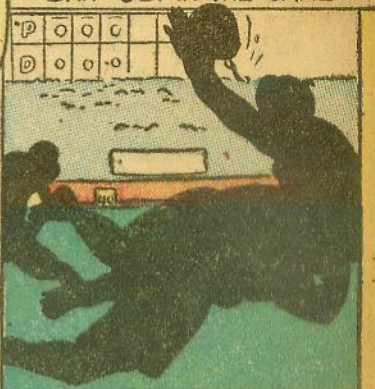






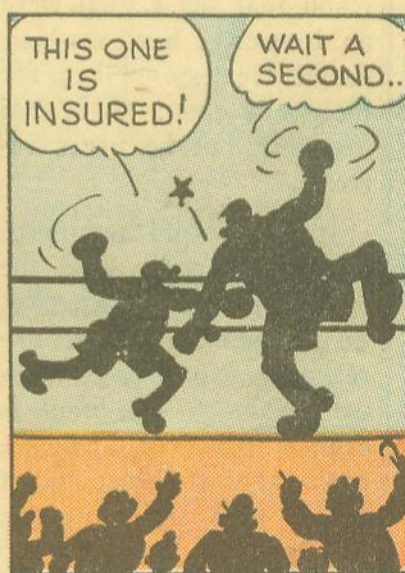
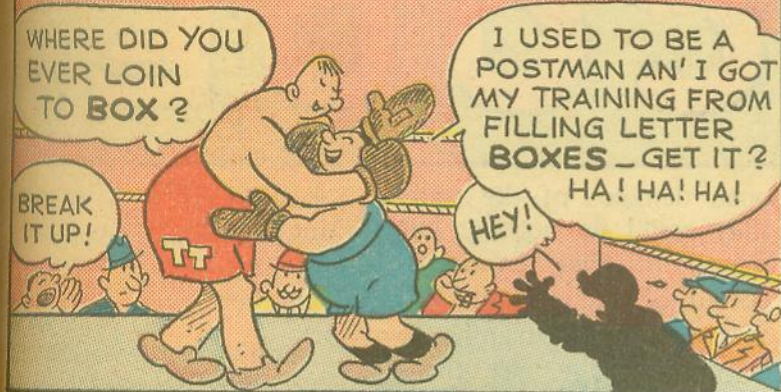


BACK AT THE FIELD, KIT AND DAN GET IN THE GAME





# TWO-TON O'TOOLE







# THE CODE

**N**AO LI walked down the street of the L'gnai village, a lonely man, hated and hating. He was one of the L'gnai, yet not truly of them. It mattered not to Naoli that the L'gnai were an honest, hard-working people. He despised them for their silly code: "A L'gnai may die, but he never retreats."

It was a wild and fierce thing, this code, even the L'gnai granted that. Yet their adherence to it was unrelenting. Nor was it without advantage. The jungle is ever a place of struggle, beast against beast, beast against man, and, too often, man against man. Yet no matter what the odds, the L'gnai preferred death to a backward step, and many times their refusal to retreat had turned a hopeless battle in their favor.

A craven in his heart, Naoli was incapable of understanding the loyalty the others felt to the code. How often had he pained the L'gnai by openly mocking the code which was almost like religion to them. Still, Naoli was of noble birth, and until he had been detected in

open defiance of the code, they could do nothing but tolerate his jibes. It was suspected, of course, that Naoli was a complete stranger to L'gnai courage, yet there was no definite proof of it.

It happened suddenly. Hunger-crazed, a lion burst into the village street, his mad roar causing the women and children to scatter frantically. All but one. A little girl attempted to flee with the others, but her tiny feet betrayed her. She fell directly in the lion's path. Nothing was between her and it—nothing but an ashen Naoli.

The lion roared again, the blood lust in its bellow. Naoli bolted from the scene, abandoning the little girl to the infuriated beast. He kept running until he found refuge behind a hut. Naoli was safe! That was the important thing to him!

Certain of its kill, the lion sprang forward, but its leap was intercepted by a well-aimed spear. The aged chief who had thrown it, flung his body protectively across the child's. It was not necessary, however, for the beast top-

pled dead. The little girl whimpered and ran quickly to the welcoming arms of her mother.

Even though he had saved a life, there was no happiness in the old chief's face as he picked himself up. A L'gnai warrior had betrayed the code! Incredible as it seemed, a man of the L'gnai had proved himself a coward!

No one knew it better than the coward himself—Naoli. He watched, still quaking with fright, as the village leader walked toward him. The old man's disappointment was visible in the droop of his shoulders and his step was slow from anguish.

"Naoli," he said sadly, "you have betrayed our code. It is written that the L'gnai die, but they never retreat. Yet you — you fled in the face of battle. You are no longer fit to bear the name of L'gnai warrior. I order you banished!"

**BANISHED!** The full import of the word caused Naoli to reel as from a blow! No longer would he share in the rich land of the L'gnai! Never again would he know



the fruits of a rich harvest! He would be merely a homeless wanderer, Naoli the Banished. He opened his mouth to begin a protest, but paused as an idea crept into his evil mind. He wouldn't share—indeed he wouldn't! He'd have it all!

"Old man," he muttered, as he slunk away from the village, "you'll have cause to remember Naoli."

The sinister scheme took shape rapidly, as he trudged through the steaming greenness of the jungle. He'd betray the L'gnai—and by the very thing they held so dear, their ridiculous code. Yes, Naoli would teach them how ridiculous it was—teach them at spear point!

Naturally, he couldn't do it alone. But there was the Mhadrai tribe for that, a shiftless people who lived near by. They'd be easy to interest in acquiring the rich land of the L'gnai. Why shouldn't they be interested, when Naoli would show them how easily the L'gnai code could be used to advance?

The Mhadrai did not know of the code. It had always been a closely guarded L'gnai secret. Yet now a megade L'gnai was betraying it to them. The hideously tinted faces of the Mhadrai brightened as Naoli explained

his plan. It was easy! The land of the L'gnai would soon be theirs.

The plan was as effective as it was evil. Naoli knew that the L'gnai hunted in bands of five or six men. What was more simple, than for the numerically superior Mhadrai to attack each small group separately?

The day of the attack was a day of carnage and the river ran red with L'gnai blood. True, the small groups of L'gnai fought fiercely, but what chance had five or six, against hundreds? Just as Naoli predicted, the L'gnai disdained retreat and, as a result, were easily slaughtered. This time the code of the L'gnai had betrayed them!

It was almost over. Naoli had supervised the murder of many different small groups, and knew that only a few of the L'gnai men could possibly remain. Those few would be led by the old chief. Naoli grinned as he fondled his knife blade. It would feel good at the old one's throat! On with the hunt! Kill! Kill! Kill!

The search was soon rewarded. Naoli and his painted warriors came upon the last of the L'gnai, a pitifully small group, led by the old chief. This would be the finish. So few, so very few—and they couldn't retreat.

Naoli was unable to resist a taunt at the L'gnai. "Wah!" he thundered, "will you not retreat? Behold we are many and you are few!"

"You know that the L'gnai cannot retreat," the old chief answered, noble in his dignity.

"Die, then!" shouted Naoli, leading the charge of the Mhadrai.

The attack was swift and furious, with murder the intent. Yet, unflinching, the L'gnai stood their ground. Stood fast, as the screaming Mhadrai bore ever closer to them. Stood fast—for a L'gnai may die, but he never retreats.

Naoli and his warriors were almost at their goal when the very ground opened up beneath them. As he began to sink, sink in the relentless grip of the sand, Naoli realized what had happened. They had charged into quicksand—the dread jungle quicksand from which there is no escape.

Slowly the quicksand accounted for the wailing Mhadrai, slowly, but it buried them all. Silence then, and finally the old chief of the L'gnai spoke. "Impetuous Naoli realized that the L'gnai cannot retreat," he addressed his followers, "but he was not aware that we sometimes choose our own battlefield."





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